Volume LXIX CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1912 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Freedom for the Mind

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prinoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose;
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale;
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours,
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

—*William Lloyd Garrison*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912. NUMBER 26.

"O Everlasting Might!
My broken life repair;
Nerve thou my will and clear my sight,
Give strength to do and bear.

O Everlasting Love!
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!"

It seems true after all that a three-cent fare can be made to work in Cleveland, and other towns are wondering why it cannot be made to work elsewhere.

Schenectady, N. Y., owns two automobiles. When not busy otherwise in the city's interests, they are used in giving the children of the poorer neighborhoods "joy rides" into the country. The Town Board issues tickets to the children, a volunteer chaperone is furnished for each twenty-five excursionists, and the children of the streets become, for a few hours at least, the happy children of the groves, the pastures and the water sides.

The "Kosher Meat Strike" now on in Boston, which only recently closed in Chicago and which has been known in other cities, is a curious combination of antique religious zeal and modern economic unrest. Their piety confines their meat diet within severe limits, which dictates the portion of the animal to be eaten and the conditions under which it is to be slaughtered, and their economic sense as well as the resources of their pocket, forbids their paying exceptional prices, hence the interesting but pathetic struggle. The *Survey* in its account of the Boston strike, arrives at the following general principle: "After minimum wage boards, why not maximum price boards?"

Rev. Charles W. Wendte, the inter-continental and inter-denominational missionary at large, in a recent number of the *Christian Register*, speaks of the perfection of a National Union of the Reformed Churches of France, a hundred and ninety churches being numbered at the outset. The preamble, though too doctrinal and backward to please Mr. Wendte, provides for the freedom of investigation and the liberty of utterance on the part of individuals and congregations, and the Rev. Charles Wagner, the beloved of two continents, is elected President of the Union. Pastor Wagner has a personality that will ameliorate the severest doctrine, humanize the most formidable ecclesiasticism and democratize the most aggressive of hierarchies. Here's our hand, Pastor Wagner, and our heart is in it.

The religious feature of the *Literary Digest* for August 10th, is an article on "How One Girl Cleaned a Town," with the picture of Miss Virginia Brooks, of West Hammond, Illinois. The story is told in part by herself. She has saved for the Poles in that industrial center twenty-one thousand dollars from overcharge assessments. She has ousted a grafting clique from the School Board, herself being elected as President of the Board. Newspapers have called this woman a modern Joan d' Arc, but we resent the implication. She fought without a sword and achieved victories higher than those of local patriotism. She has called into the work simply the weapons of an enlightened mind, an enkindled heart and a disciplined spirit. Our colleges are turning out possible Virginias by the score every year. They simply wait the kindling touch, perhaps a compelling call. O young ladies of Alumnae Associations, do stop and think, look around you and see the work waiting your hand! Listen with your inward ear, and find the holy call to make your life less burdensome ,the community less frivolous and public officers less venial. Get to work, dear sisters.

UNITY has sought information from time to time concerning the workings of the Local Option Law. The facts given below are significant, though not up to date. Some years ago a Local Option Law was passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, a number of counties taking advantage of the same, among them Chester County, a near-by county to Philadelphia. It proved more effective than many total abstinence advocates had dared expect, and at the end of twenty months the law worked so well that the alarmed liquor interests, managed to have the law repealed. Pending the repeal the Warden of the County Prison was interviewed in the presence of a magistrate and he testified over his signature, that during the last year of license there had been two hundred and two commitments to his prison charged with crimes for which alcoholic drink was responsible. The next year after the Local Option Law became effective, the number of commitments for that cause fell to eighty-one, and after eight months' trial on its second year, the proportion promised to be but a trifle over sixty, and it began to look as if Chester County Jail would be de-

populated soon, but the repeal came and the liquor dealers ground their grist as of old with renewed zeal. During the Local Option year the Criminal Court did its work in one week. When the liquor sales were renewed the Court was kept busy for four weeks, largely with cases discreditable to civilization and its much-vaunted Christian community. The story of Chester County can be duplicated thousands of times in the experience of other towns and counties throughout the nation since the beginning of the Local Option Movement.

No wonder that independent thinkers are perplexed and are in turn disgusted and delighted with the Taft administration. It is so full of contradictions and paradoxes. The Ballinger regime was established and supported in a defiant spirit for a long time but when it gave way the department fell into the hands of Walter L. Fisher, who now presents the altogether sensible, but also delightfully radical plan of allotting the coal lands of the West to such cuties as are able to maintain them under the most advanced conditions to supply their municipal needs as well as to the citizens. He is very definite in his recommendation. He recommends that Congress should allot, as an initiatory experiment, six hundred and forty acres of coal land to the city of Grand Junction, Colorado, and at the same time that all other coal lands be withheld from private purchasers, allowing private corporations to exploit the coal under lease permits. The lease is to be so conditioned as always to guarantee humane and civic obligations. There are other contradictions in the Taft administration, the meaning of which is not easy to explain, the outcome of which is not easy to foretell.

The genial Professor Swing, a quarter of a century ago, was wont to enjoy telling a story on the editor of the Presbyterian organ in Chicago at that time, who also enjoyed a good joke. The Presbyterian editor was startled on receiving a communication written by the young theological student, who was engaged by the *Interior* as "Our Special Correspondent," traveling in the Orient, entitled, "Hell Grass Grown," in which he told that the original Gehenna of the New Testament was now a valley clothed in beautiful green, luxuriant grass growing where once the "never-ending" fires consumed the rubbish of Jerusalem. The Presbyterian editor sent the communication to the professor, who was editing a little heretical sheet of his own, with a note running somewhat as follows: "This is too good a thing to be lost. I don't quite dare publish it in my paper; it will be too strong meat for the Presbyterians, but I thought you would like to print it in the *Alliance*. Your people can stand anything. They haven't religion enough to be shocked." We are reminded of this story by the interesting article in the *Literary Digest* of August 3rd, entitled "Abolishing Hell Vote." Suggestive evidence of a change of opinion concerning this lurid subject is gathered around this resolution which was passed unanimously by the International Bible Students' Association in its recent convention at Washington:

> "We do not find the Bible to teach the doctrine of a literal 'hell-fire,' or place of fire and brimstone for the punishment of the wicked, but secular history of the formation of the creeds of the Middle Ages reveals the fact that for various reasons, either wisely or unwisely, the doctrine o torment in 'hell-fire' was added to the gospel as taught by Jesus and the Twelve Apostles, necessitating many ridiculous interpretations of the Lord's parables."

The same article ascribed to Cannon Henson of Westminster Abbey the saying that, "This is flogging a dead horse," and R. J. Campbell is made responsible for the saying: "I do not know any clergyman here that believe in eternal punishment, nor do I think that any educated clergyman has done so for many years." Is it so? If this is true of the ministers, are they so understood by their congregations? Are the children of the Sunday-school frankly taught that the horrible doctrine is obsolete, that the creeds of their fathers are out-grown, in short,—that this dogma of Christian orthodoxy is not only dead but is now, and always was, a libel on the Divine nature and an indignity on the better instincts of the human soul.

Borrowing the Livery of Heaven for the Work of Hell

The editorial department of UNITY is conducted with such deliberation that it is seldom available for urgent emergencies. It has little claim to be mustered among the "minute men." We greatly regret that an emergency has arisen in Chicago which calls for a timely protest, which UNITY is unable to make. But it is within UNITY's power at least, to make protest after the fact hoping that it may bespeak sober sentiment on the part of those who have noted the humiliating event, and perhaps do something towards creating a moral standard in public offices, an ethical stamina in public officials that will render such proceedings impossible in a city so favored as Chicago, a city in which debauchery of any and every kind under municipal sanction or toleration, is increasingly inexcusable.

The National Negro Business League is one of the most noteworthy achievements of the colored race in America. It represents an increasing body of men of negro lineage who are making good in the industrial world, in all the opportunities open to energy, intelligence and character. A National meeting of this League was called to meet in Chicago, August 21, 22 and 23.

Through the cupidity of the lower stratas of the colored race, worked by the more damnable cupidity of the still lower stratas of the white race, there was grafted on to this most commendable national enterprise, a most lamentable and inexcusable Chicago disgrace known as the "State Street Colored Man's Carnival." Unfortunately too many cities in the West have drunk of this bitter, demoralizing draught known as "carnival." Under the guise of business exploitation, with a front of perhaps legitimate advertisement and legal traffic, there are exploited, as side shows, rear door features, all manner of iniquitous things. Of course, such section of State Street as is available for such lurid display and sidewalk intrusions, is necessarily the vicious territory of State Street. It is a section, where under the most favorable circumstances and the strictest regulations exercised by the city, standards are none too high and the atmosphere is none too pure.

A news item in the *Chicago Tribune* announces that "The managers are swamped with offers for gambling privileges. As high as eight hundred dollars is asked for a 'paddle-wheel' concession," the average price for gambling concessions being two hundred dollars. According to this news item, word was passed along the line that "Everything will go." It is insinuated that there is political power behind the Superintendent of Streets. One thing is sure that the Mayor's Office was besieged with protests, both from white and black, but for one reason or another, the Mayor was inaccessible, probably the vacation season had put him beyond reach and no man lower down seemed to be in a condition or a disposition to act.

Before this editorial reaches the eyes of our readers, the disgraceful "event" will have been "pulled off," and perchance the disgrace of the event will be such as to give a new opportunity for those smitten with negrophobia to say: "There it is again, didn't we tell you so!"

Whatever the event may be certain considerations should be insisted upon as essential in any consideration that arrives at a rational and just estimate of the affair. In the interest of such a judgment we beg to enumerate some of these considerations:

1. The National Negro Business League is one thing, and the alleged "Business Men's Carnival" in Chicago is quite another. The former protested in every way possible against the latter. The one is as excellent as the other is despicable. It is a case of depraved parasites attaching themselves upon a healthy body.

2. These lamentable alliances are not peculiar to the colored race. Such carnivals are not of the negro's invention and are not peculiar to Chicago, albeit Chicago and surroundings have been humiliated and corrupted by frequent debaucheries of this kind.

Just now the whole country, at least in the great agricultural sections of the northwest is threatened with limitless disgraces of this kind. The County and State Fairs, all over our land are tried every season by just the temptations represented by the State Street Carnival in Chicago. Alongside of the altogether worthy and elevating exhibits of cattle, horses, garden and fireside products, will be insinuated the vulgar show, the petty gambling devices and the hydra-headed manifestations of lust, greed and dishonesty, all of which will be justified under the plea of business. The management, which in the main represents the patriotism, public spirit and intelligence of the communityly represented, yielding to the damning devices on the score of financial necessity. The following item in a Wisconsin local sheet, advertising the many legitimate attractions of an "Inter-Country Fair," reveals the cloven foot that manifests itself all over our land these days, and brought in the full body of the hideous monster at the Colored Carnival at Chicago.

"Don't, Don't, Oh! don't miss the Pike this year. It will be just lined up one side and down the other with shows, shows you can all enjoy!"

Of course the pre-Fair promises, and in all justice it should be said the pre-Fair intentions are virtuous, but the post-Fair testimony is that these "Pike" attractions under the various names and forms, were such glimpses of the under-world, as the unsophisticated eyes of thousands upon thousands of innocent country youths have fallen upon for the first time, and they have felt the devlish lure.

3. Let it not be forgotten that this debauchery is not to be condemned because it is negro debauchery,—there is nothing peculiar or racial about it, but it is to be condemned because it is *human* debauchery, which finds its widest expression and the highest achievement in the hands of the boasted, masterful white race.

4. That the decent colored people of Chicago, who far outnumber the indecent colored people, tried in every way to avert this humiliation and demanded in every way possible, such police protection and municipal regulation as would reduce the disgrace to the minimum.

The following letter signed by Dr. George C. Hall, President, and S. Lang Williams, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Chicago Negro Business League, appeared in the columns of the *Chicago Daily News* for August 13th, and we print it in full, not only because it deserves publicity, but also because the Chicago Press has been all to chary of its protests, and halting in its condemnation of the city administration that permits these debaucheries. They exist not by virtue of their own fell power but by virtue of the indirect corruption and corrupting influences of politics. Read

this letter, and let those who have the direction of public interests, all the way from metropolitan council chambers to County Fair officials, blush, take note, and do better.

"Permit the officers of the Chicago Negro Business league to make a statement in regard to the proposed negro carnival and the National Business league, which meets in this city August 21, 22, and 23.

"The meeting of the league will bring to this city negro business men from all over the country connected with this league. There will be a meeting of the National Negro Bankers' association, the National Negro Publishers' association and the National Negro Bar association. These organizations represent the most influential and progressive men of our race, and we want them to see our people in this city at their best and not at their worst. We have had some experience in the past with what these street carnivals mean.

"What makes the situation worse in this case is that this proposed carnival is not only not managed by the Negro Business league, but as far as we can learn it is only nominally controlled by members of our race. We understand that the license which we were trying to secure to light the streets has been turned over to an amusement concern, which is now charging us for the privilege of lighting and decorating our places of business.

"We have no personal objections to any persons holding a carnival in any part of the city if they are allowed to do so by the city council or the police. We do object, however, to being held responsible by the public for an enterprise over which we have no control which trades upon the name of the business league.

"We have complained to the city authorities, but it appears that they will not or cannot give us any redress. We therefore take this means of warning the public and washing our hands of any responsibility for the results."

The Boston Elevated Railroad Strike

Staid old Massachusetts in general, and conservative old Boston in particular, have just been taking another unwelcome dose of sociological medicine; and thus perhaps, we may believe, are a bit nearer being cured of the "stand-pat-itis," with which they have been so long and so seriously afflicted. The Lawrence strike would seem to have been a dose big enough and strong enough to have banished disease, however severe in itself and however deep-rooted in the body politic. But the malady still hung on—in some ways aggravated rather than bettered by the I. W. W. treatment; and therefore was the bitter brew of the Boston Elevated Railroad strike handed out at just the right time to save the patients from threatened relapse.

The story of the strike is a simple one. The Elevated Railroad, while in its general management of the Boston transportation problem one of the stupidest —or greediest— public service corporations in the country has been at the same time one of the most enlightened in its handling of the labor problems. It has offered exceptionally high wages, established short hours and good, average conditions of labor, paid regular dues to the sick and injured among its employes and pensions to the aged, given generous annual bonuses in recognition of exceptional records of efficiency on the part of its men, and in general done much to maintain friendly relations with its motormen, conductors, trackmen, and engineers. The result of this policy has been high-class men in the company's employ, long and faithful service, and uninterrupted freedom from the disturbance of labor disputes.

To this sweeping tribute to the wisdom of the Elevated management, there must be made one exception—and this an exception so serious as well-nigh to vitiate every merit. I refer to the fact that the Elevated has never permitted any of its men to belong to a union! And it is just on this very point, of course, that all the recent trouble began. The time has passed by forever—although many so-called enlightened business men fail to see it!—when the employees of any corporation or industry can be content to remain unorganized. However efficient and well-intended the management, there must frequently arise occasions of dispute between the employer and some one of his employees; and it is on such occasions that the individual man, forced to deal single-handed with the great corporation, feels his utter helplessness and the crying need, therefore, of the sympathy and support of this fellows. Organization on the part of labor today is inevitable, just as organization on the part of capital is similarly inevitable. And any man, or any corporation, which cannot, or will not, understand this elementary fact, is merely riding to a fall.

So it was with the Boston Elevated Railroad! A few months ago a definite movement was set on foot for the unionizing of the employees of this company. The management was instantly on the alert,—and, in spite of a law upon the statute books of the Commonwealth expressly forbidding such action, at once proceeded to discharge every man who was discovered having any relations whatsoever with the movement. When some two hundred men or more had thus been cast into the streets, some of them after a score or more of years of faithful service, the employees began to take alarm, and, in a moment of explosive indignation, without previous plan or any counting of the cost, declared a strike.

The cause at first seemed hopeless. Only about one-half of the five or six thousand men in the employ of the Road were as yet members of the union, and of these only about two thousand went out in answer to the call. The newspapers, with one or two exceptions, either kept silence or else exhausted the vocabulary of billingsgate in heaping abuse upon the strikers, the cultured "Transcript" outdoing all its competitors in injustice and slander. The Elevated immediately took a high and mighty pose,—declaring, through the mouth of its arrogant president, Mr. Bancroft, that it would not treat with the strikers under any conditions, and would gladly spend a million dollars to break the strike. Numerous gangs of men, most of them thugs and vagabonds of the vilest description, were straightway imported from New York and Philadelphia, and placed in charge of the cars—the conductors to practise highway robbery on the passengers, and the motormen to create havoc and destruction in the streets. After a few days of partially crippled service, the usual number of cars seemed to be on the rails, and so far as could be seen, the strike was over.

Involved in this dispute, however, was a righteous cause; and somehow or other—nobody could seem to explain why!—the trouble would not down. The strikers, facing an apparent Waterloo, never lost heart for a moment, but continued holding enormous mass meetings, and, under the leadership of skilled attorneys, succeeded in forcing the Railroad into most embarrassing legal complications. A few distinguished citizens—Charles F. Dole in particular—ventured to lift their voices in appeal for justice. In a few weeks,

the Central Labor Union woke up and began to talk about a sympathetic strike, on the ground that the fight of the strikers was the fight of labor in general, and that, if the men were beaten, trade unionism in Boston would receive a vital blow. Suddenly the State Board of Arbitration ordered a public hearing, and gave State Street, Newspaper Row and the Back Bay the shock of a lifetime by reporting in favor of the strikers. Then an alert and fearless district attorney unexpectedly summoned the Grand Jury and began handing down indictments against Elevated inspectors and officials for perjury in their testimony before the State Board. All sorts of rumors began circulating through the city about the possibility of the sanctity of the person of the great Gen. Bancroft being violated by arrest on the charge of breaking the laws of the State of Massachusetts. Mayor Fitzgerald and Governor Foss began to get interested. And then, all of a sudden—the strike was off, the new union was recognized, and the strikers were taken back into the employ of the Road in good and regular standing! In vain did frightened and indignant "best citizens" write letters of angry protest to the press. In vain did the dear, old "Transcript" fuss and fume, and wring her hands in an agony of despair. In vain did Gen. Bancroft strut about in his tin-soldier uniform, and suddenly, after weeks of volubility, have "nothing to say." The Elevated had lost everything it had fought for—to say nothing of a good big slice of that boasted million dollars in the bargain! Here was the dose—conservative Boston made the wriest of wry faces—but down it went, willy-nilly

It is not to be expected that Boston can be cured of "stand-pat-itis" in a day, or a year, or a generation for that matter. The Hub, after all, is much like the rest of the United States. A few more Lawrence strikes, however, and a few more Boston Elevated upsets, and it may be hoped that the Old Bay State may begin to catch a faint glimmering of the fact that labor is on top these days, and proposes to enjoy the same measure of perfect freedom and exact justice that is claimed by all other classes of the community. It is a bitter pill to swallow, no doubt!—but I imagine that even this is more palatable than the dose once handed out to a certain man named Louis, sixteenth in a certain place called Versailles!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

New York City.

TRUTH.

Woe to the one who exalteth himself
To a height that is not truly his;
Glory and fame may be his on earth,
But what of the after life?

Meek now and lowly with brotherly love
And a life that no one can reproach,
Treading the steps of the teacher, Christ—
'Tis this that is best in life.

Splendor and pomp of the things that now are,
These the truth seeking brother may sway
From the righteous path to eternal life
If his thoughts he tend not well.

Free let the thoughts roam in freedom's air,
Where truth for the seeker awaits;
Truth never is found if the thoughts are housed
In a two-by-four prison of steel.

—*Wilton E. Cross.*

THE PULPIT

A Journey from Orthodoxia

1. The Evening Hours of Orthodoxy.

By Edwin Alfred Rumball.

It is our wish from the beginning to the end of these subjects to deal with them in the spirit of truth-loving and to approach all their aspects "as explorers and not as deserters." We may be deserters, the journey from Orthodoxia may be a more or less accomplished journey with all of us, but let us while we are together get the spirit of the explorer, which has in it no resentment or bitterness, but open eyes and heart for the best. A very large number of us, possibly a majority of us were brought up under the influence of Orthodoxy and the process of transition from the old to the new may not have left very kindly thoughts in our minds towards it. The day is yet with us when the journey from Orthodoxia is beset with the loss of many loved friends in addition to the darkness and dangers that nearly always attend the change. To give those who were bitter against us, back as good as the gave must not be the spirit of our journey. For over against the possible ill-will which their treatment of us may have bred in our hearts, there are always present grand ethical elements which grew in Orthodoxy and were fostered by its doctrines. Every religious liberal who has come into this fold from the Orthodox churches could find, if he sought, many reasons for personal indebtedness to the old faith. There are many men in our faith like Charles Gordon Ames and Robert Collyer who can look back on an early Orthodox experience with gratitude. No Unitarian who has come from Orthodoxy can have reason to regret the earnestness which came in the wake of some of those terrible doctrines, or be sorry for the discipline of Bible study which no later religious experience has made or can make so urgent. Many of us might seriously ask the question whether Unitarianism could or would have drawn us into the service of the religious ideal if Orthodoxy had not first done so. For many of us the day of spiritual life properly begins in the evening. This is the suggestion of the old Genesis myth, that "evening and morning," not morning and evening, made the first day. To use the symbols of day and night as we have done in our treatment of this subject is to imply no slur on the hours of evening or on the darkness. Each onward step of the race is a step from the twilight and gloaming through the darkness to the dawn.

"Each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth."

Our sole purpose in this first sermon is to make clear the meaning of Orthodoxy in itself, and then show at some length some of its modern characteristics which seem to indicate that it has reached the evening stage in its religious evolution.

At the very outset let it be said that we imply no arrogance or reproach in the term Orthodoxy. Whatever may have *seemed* to us to have been the spirit of those who have claimed to have been Orthodox, we have as little right to quarrel about the word as they have that we are called "Liberal Christians," which might seem to imply that other Christians are not

liberal. The names simply stand for distinction's sake with us. Orthodoxy signifies a certain well-known form of doctrine, and the "holier than thou" spirit is no part of its essential modern significance. It should be noted that it is more a term of theology than of religion. It conveys little about the faith of a man or of a church, it tells most about the creed. It has been said that it envisages religion entirely under the aspect of truths rather than powers. To be Orthodox implies at least three things: first a definite system of ideas; second, the acceptance of those ideas; and last of all the determined object to depart as little as possible from the amount of belief thus accepted.

What are the religious ideas of Orthodoxy? Underlying the various creeds and confessions of Christian Orthodoxy we may find nearly all of the following doctrines. First and fundamentally we shall find that they teach that in some sense man is a lost sinner; that in some way, Jesus is a Savior from sin; that Jesus is a Divine Being and mysteriously a part of the Triune God-head; that the Bible and Christianity are in some way a revelation supernaturally made to men of God's will; that somehow man needs to be turned from the state of sin to the state of holiness; that there is some kind of a Heaven and Hell for the eternal bliss and punishment of the good and wicked respectively and that all this and sometimes more contains the one true Christian Doctrine and that all other teaching is false and immoral in its influence on the character of religious people. Of course in addition to all this, there is the Bible with its many buttresses of miracle, its Virgin Birth of Jesus, its vicarious atonement and physical resurrection, but so far as Orthodoxy can be gathered up in one passage this will be suitable for our purpose. On the other hand it is not right to confine Orthodoxy to theology, even if that may have been its history, it is something more than a system of ideas, it is also the religious spirit which those ideas generate in the lives and hearts of its believers. The passion which sends a Henry Martyn to India, a Judson to Burmah, a Hudson Taylor to China, is an essential element of Orthodoxy. The faith in the supernatural which helps a George Muller feed and clothe his thousands of orphans by prayer and the many other effects of Orthodox teaching are to be counted in our estimate. The social uplift of the masses, especially of the criminal and degenerate classes, illustrated in the work of General Booth and the Salvation Army, is also part of the harvest of the Orthodox spirit. The liberal Christians have had their solitary representatives in all such work, but it is in Orthodoxy that we find the great passions for world salvation. The forms in which these emotions and ideals have expressed themselves are not only different from those in which we would express ourselves but their dynamic powers seem greater. The *spirit* of Orthodoxy is most vital to its understanding, and we slander it by merely defining it as a system of theology or outline of doctrine. It is a Life. It is this which makes it so worth while, this which has given the world so much clare that to a liberalism that is dead, a live Orthodoxy is always to be preferred. But what are some of the characteristics of its evening hours? Whatever it was to Judson or Hudson Taylor as a factor for earnest life, what is it to the modern Methodist or Baptist for earnest life? Most surely great changes are taking place in Orthodoxy. It is not only that the great Methodist body is taking off the ban from dancing but thoughts that our fathers counted most sacred are openly disbelieved by the very leaders of large churches. Dr. Pusey is related to have said: "If the Athanasian Creed is touched, I see nothing to do but give up my Canonry." But in more recent years, Dr. Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, replied to a deputation of clergymen who desired to be relieved from repeating this very creed, "I am in complete sympathy with the object that you have at heart." The consciousness of this growing change is of course felt most inside the ranks of Orthodoxy; we outsiders only notice it on the occasion of periodical heresy trials. But everywhere within one sees the expression of organized apologetics. As never before the old doctrines are being *proved*. The very latest dictum of science is pressed into the service of the defence of the faith. Miracles of exegesis are performed in order to show that the language of Genesis is consistent with modern astronomy and geology. This last feature was truer of the practice of twenty years ago than today, but it is still true. It was Mark Patterson who, writing in his "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England," showed the real significance of apologetics in religion. He wrote, "When an age is found occupied in proving its creed, this is but a token that the age has ceased to have proper faith in it." Orthodoxy today is confessing its weakness by its most strenuous defence. Indeed one of the most interesting phases of religious evolution that has been seen for many a day is seen in the manner in which Orthodoxy is ceasing to be Orthodoxy through its acceptance of unorthodox weapons for its defence. This is well illustrated in the manner in which its treats the miracles of Jesus. It is ceasing to appeal to them to prove His divinity, contenting itself with making out a case for his moral idealism and personal ethical power. Our age was ceasing to believe in miracles under the old definitions of miracle, so Orthodoxy ceased to use them as its weapons, and now the Orthodox are ceasing to believe themselves in what they do not use. If any proof of Pragmatism needs to be drawn, it is very evident from this fact that these friends are no longer counting that truth which they are ceasing to have a use for. In this twilight state of Orthodoxy we see many lanterns being carried around. The light of Psychological Research, the Light of Scientific Method which accepts for true what has not yet been experienced, the Light of Mysticism, which gives all emphasis to the subjective conception, in which the idea is the only thing that really matters, are all trying to make the path plain to the feet of the Orthodox. It all reminds one of what was said of a certain earnest apologetic work: "The author is on the rock, but the rock is in mid-air." This could, if we were content, sum up the present position of many orthodox friends; if we could grant their presuppositions, belief in the conclusions were easy and plain.

One of the most vital changes in modern Orthodoxy is in the nature of the authority which it accepts. It would be easy to trace the decline, step by step, from the early day when religion found its authority in the Church, and from the Reformation day when the authority was transferred from the Church to the Bible. It is true that the modern Protestant minister yet says that he is reading from "the Word of God," when in the pulpit he reads from the old Book, but

this is only a survival of forgotten faith or what Matthew Arnold would have called "Aberglaube." Bible criticism is driving Orthodoxy away from the Protestant authority and today the more subjective authorities are taking its place. Some say that "Christ" is now their sole authority, they profess to test every truth by him, and accept what would be acceptable to Him. But where this means the words of Jesus, or even the spirit of his life drawn from those words, great difficulty attends all attempts to decide what things he did utter, and the modernism which shakes the Bible as an authority makes this other tremble so much that men do not long remain safe with it. Others go ti the Pauline theology and find in "the moral, holy, historic gospel of the Grace of God in and through Christ and His Cross" the standard of authority.—(See *Hibbert Journal,* Oct., 1905.) Yet again, very many, like the great non-conformist teacher of England, Dr. Dale, in his "Living Christ and the Four Gospels," draw all their evidence for the divine authority of Jesus from their present personal experience of him. It is a common thing to hear Orthodox people quote their consciousness of sins forgiven, of strength for the holy life, of peace in suffering, as evidence that Christ lives. They claim that he has forgiven, strengthened, given peace, all as he promised and no doubt can disturb their faith that this is so. But such experience is all subjective, as any amount of careful thought will show, and no more argues in favor of historical facts than the experience of heat from the sun argues that the stories told of "far-darting Apollo" are historical facts. Then last of all many in Orthodoxy have come to the fount of Mysticism, the great deep, common source of all spiritual life and have found in the great inner life of God in the Soul the only authority on religion. Just as at times we may see the eastern skies reflect the glory of the western sunset, so, many in the evening hours of Orthodoxy shine with the redness of the dawn and have found in the beautiful Human God within, known to them under many names, the very soul of life.

Another characteristic of orthodoxy is its growing simplification of belief. In its pulpits, the thing to remark is not the number of new things that are preached, but the number of old things that no longer find utterance there. Sermons on "Hell and Eternal Punishment" are so rare that we almost forget that they were ever preached as much as they used to be. Doctrinal sermons, such as our fathers used to love to listen to for hours, when the only limit of the preacher's loquacity was his physical strength, have gone forever. Today there is no popular love for theological discussion. If we may judge from the character of the missions that are held and the orthodox religious books that are published, and from the catch-words about "Back to Jesus," "In His Name" and "What Would Jesus Do?" which are everywhere with the religious multitude, it would almost appear as though orthodoxy had been transformed into a propagation society for the worship and following of Jesus. Its theology is neglected. The passion for God is almost a thing of the past; the deep, strong, tender love that Jesus had for the Father is hard to find among them. The congregations are asking for so-called 'gospel" sermons instead of doctrinal or ethical sermons. This simplification is in itself progress, for it is possible for us to contend that Jesus does not really belong to orthodoxy. Hardly any of the characteristic ideas of orthodoxy came from Jesus. We have only to recall the fundamental growth of the orthodox idea of the Christ out of Greek philosophy, the orthodox dogma of total depravity out of Augustine, and the orthodox doctrine of the Atonement out of Anselm, to see how strange is the claim of the orthodox regarding their Christian origins. That there is more of Jesus in orthodoxy today than ever before may be partly due to the fact that democracy is making religion less and less the possession of experts and more and more the possession of the people. The people always capture and make the most of the concrete. To them the doctrines mean little, the story of Jesus means everything. "The ancient forms and symbols in which the Christian faith has been hitherto expressed are," says one who has observed carefully the life of the German working people, "for the great majority of hand-workers irretrievably shattered. One thing alone is left for them all—respect and reverence for Jesus." If orthodoxy is coming to a simpler appreciation of the person of Jesus, and this seems to be a feature of its evening hours, it is all in the line of progress, for when they find in him "the way," a long step is made toward the day of real religion. This change in authority, which is taking place among the most thoughtful orthodox Christians and the simplification of belief which is becoming the possession of the populace, are both matched by the modernism of the present-day mission field. In those far lands where the most earnest of the orthodox go, the same evening shadows are falling. The old motive of saving the heathen from an eternal hell is going fast, if it has not already disappeared. By much splendid medical work and educational effort in addition to the regular missionary work, the new motive that would bring the kingdom of God to the earth has come. Even the orthodox business man, who believed more in missions in Borneo than in Japan, because he obtained more souls for his money, is out-of-date. There are missionaries who already are discussing favorably the evangelizing of the intelligent Eastern nations as more important than the conversion of the savages. In the Hibbert Journal recently we found a discussion as to the wisdom of substituting the Confucian "Kings" in place of the Jewish Old Testament as an introduction to Christianity. It would be really most wonderful if the modern missionary was unable to see the advantage ground which such a change would give him in the work to which he has dedicated his life. The significance of all these things is that the orthodox are leaving the old battlefields and enlisting in nobler and greater wars. By the apologetics upon which they are now spending their time, but the confidence with which they use the scientific method, by the mysticism which keeps heart and soul true and beautiful when the head is full of doubt, by the changes which are taking place in their authorities, and by the simplification of belief which is going on on every side, it is all too evident that the day, the glorious day of orthodoxy

is drawing to a close.

As we conclude, let us say again, that evening is not an end but a means in the world of nature. It is the beginning of something better. We believe that it always leads somewhere—to the dawn, though darkness be its path. Max Muller tells that many old and savage nations saw God in the dawn. They knew nothing greater or more beautiful in life than the dawn. They would rise early to worship it coming over the hills. The word dawn became in time the best word in their language. And as the years and centuries rolled on, we are told that they chose their best word to express their deepest and holiest feelings, and "It Dawns" came at last to mean "I Love." So all these evening hours lead to the dawn of the day of perfect love—the day of real religion, which is the day of simple brotherhood.

The Bicentenary of Jean Jacques Rousseau

On June 28, 1712, Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva. He died in 1778. He is regarded as the prophet, the inspiring herald of the French Revolution. He had no reasoned-out, systematic scheme of life for the individual, for the nation, least of all for himself. Like the little child, who uses words beyond his own control, Rousseau, irresponsible himself, burst out into expressions with regard to life, breathing the sense of a responsibility for human political, social, and educational action, which recall the old dictator of Geneva, the same irresistibleness of speech, the necessity of utterance—of a message to mankind—but with a personality so different that it is difficult on first thoughts to realize that the spirit of the same city could have held them both within its sphere of influence. Calvin was inflexible in self-control, merciless to others and to himself in declaring the law of God to the Genevans, a champion of intolerance, but a moral disciplinarian, who dragooned willing troops into the service of the temple. And from that service came the marvelous fulfilment of the pronouncement, not only to Geneva but to Calvinized Europe, "Thy service is perfect freedom." The aim of Calvin was, implicitly and finally, the freedom of the sons of God. Rousseau was without self-control, the slave of his emotions, a sentimentalist, who rendered himself liable to all the rigor of George Meredith's adverse criticism of sentimentalism as "the attempt to taste experience without incurring responsibility." Added to this sickly emotionalism, he was subject to weakness of body, showing itself in physical suffering, and no less to mental weakness, at times more than verging upon insanity. As M. Jules Lemaitre epitomizes his personal characteristics, he was not one, but many persons; and chameleon-like, he changed his color from time to time and stage to stage: "Geneveze soul, Catholic soul, soul of a vagrant and of a rebel, soul of a would-be lover, soul of a simulator through desire for emotion, soul of a dreamer and almost of a fakir, soul of an invalid." What a contrast to Calvin, the despotic administrator, the Pope-like vicegerent of a theocracy! Yet if Mark Pattison is right in the assertion of the paradox with regard to Calvin that in "the suppression of the liberties of Geneva was born the seed of liberty in Europe," it may be stated as an equal paradox, that out of the unbalanced, ill-trained, ill-controlled "babe and suckling" Rousseau came guidance and light in the expression of political and educational principles, which, if they did not act as the prophetic fire, kindling the forces of the greatest revolution in history, at least have become the recognized formulae for its justification, and the watchwords of political and social advance, even to the present day.

Into the question of the psychological aspects of Rousseau's antecedents, development, or rather lack of it, and the relation between his evironment and personality, I cannot enter. The problem is one of acute difficulty, and the monuments of its discussion would almost call for a bibliography to itself. But, at this moment of the bicentenary of his birth, it seems fitting that we should recall to ourselves the central principles which he enunciated. For these have had a world-wide influence imparted to them. They were uttered just before the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America, and before the establishment of the first French Republic. I am not suggesting that Rousseau's ideas are absolutely original. I am not wishing to give the impression that they were a leading cause of those great critical events in the history of the world. But Rousseau gave literary expression to the underlying ideas of his age, and rose to the crest of the wave of the transforming thought of his time at a formative period of the world's history. The French recognize him as a master of style. He made political and educational literature popular, because he made it thrill with ideas in the consciousness of those who felt that all was ill with the world, but that all could be made right. "God was in His Heaven!"

What are the principles of Rousseau? They are the principles of revolt for which the world yearned, embodied in formulae, and yet expressed in the most positive form. In other words, they are principles of reconstruction which worked as vitally for an ideal of optimistic hopefulness as they worked drastically for revolt against the old order of things. The "Social Contract," the great political and social treatise of Rousseau, begins: "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." And, again, he begins his "Emile" with the conjoint declaration: "Everything is good as it comes from the hands of the Author of nature; but everything degenerates in the hands of man." Calvin had preached the natural depravity of man. Rousseau proclaimed man's natural goodness. Without attempting a critical inquiry into the actual grounds for the acceptance, or otherwise, of either of these extremes, it is worth while to notice that Rousseau's dictum (Rousseau's pronouncements of principles are all dicta) is the one which inspires self-respect in the human being on whom it dawns as a truth, or at least as a portion of the truth. It was accepted, we may say from a critical point of view, too readily as an axiom. As Lord Morley put it so excel-

lently: "People ceased to see one another as guilty victims cowering under a divine curse. They stood erect in consciousness of manhood." This was the clarion-cry of Rousseau, the demand to think the best of man and life, the absorption in optimism as a creed. It is the reaction from the older creeds of theological Calvinism, of political absolute monarchy, of aristocratic oppression and insouciance, that made Rousseau's appeal to the essential goodness of all men, especially to the down-trodden and the despised, a gospel. The nobility of the ancient classical world, with ideals of simplicity of character of a Cincinnatus, and still earlier the simplicity of the archaic heroes of Homer and the old time before them, was acknowledged by every educated man who had entered into the educational traditions of classicism. But Rousseau, by a masterstroke of insight, threw himself further back than the classicists, and conceived the still more ancient (if reputation is to be reckoned by antiquity) glory of the predecessors of the Romans and the Greeks, viz., the original man—savage-man, if you like the term, for he was in the happy state of nature, in whose keeping and control all is good. This was the golden age, and, like Plato of old, Rousseau invented a myth which the eighteenth century gladly accepted almost without a breath of inquiry, viz., the Social Contract, which was entered into by these primitive people. Rousseau imagines, for it is quite untenable as an account of what historically occurred, that a contract was arrived at to secure that the general will of the community should be invested with power superior to the will of any particular will.* This suggestion, put with the picturesqueness which quickly visualized the political doctrine to the people, was the most effective criticism on the despotism, say, of Louis XIV. But the vitality of Rousseau's conceptions was not limited to the exigencies of the day. The phrases to which he gave life—"the sovereignty of the people," and the expression of "the general will of the people," and the pride of "citizenship"—have brought Rousseau along with them into a world of futurity, of the conditions of which he never dreamed. For the sense of individualism, of liberty, such, for instance, as Mr. John Stuart Mill or Auberon Herbert sketched, is clearly traceable in the development of an Emile, whose individuality is so precious, that for the period of education Rousseau isolates him from his kind, as if he were a Robinson Crusoe on an island, along with a tutor instead of the Man Friday. On the other hand, the collectivist view, that of socialism, and of the solidarity of the community, is vividly present in the idea of the Social Contract itself. An analysis of Rousseau's general principle of optimism shows first his "enthusiasm for humanity," and secondly, the proposal of the watchword "Back to Nature" as a cure for all the evils of civilization. And yet, to quote Lord Morley, "Rousseau traces his conclusions from words, and develops his system from the interior germs of phrases."

Modern democracy owes much, therefore, to Rousseau, in political expression. Education of what is termed the "rational" kind traces back its most telling presentment even yet to him. Everywhere he is full of fire for liberty, though he would often reach forward to it by dictating despotically his own wise precepts. He has not learned, with George Eliot, to "tolerate the intolerant." His love of Nature has permeated the whole world of literature, and he himself has been called "priest of nature." The influence he exerted on other writers is marvelous. Our own Wordsworth and the nature-school of poets; in Germany, on Goethe, Schiller, and the philosophers. Nor is it too much to say that Tolstoi in spirit is a literary descendant of Rousseau.

Rousseau's joy in the charms of nature, his desire of retreat from overcrowded cities to the sweetness and beauty of the country, make him a pioneer in the popularity of "the simple life." He has the characteristic of genius, viz., to dethrone conventions and to see into the real values of things. He is no philosopher, but, as a French critic says, his "unreason, his total subordination of judgment to emotion, give him a unique place in literature." And were his title to high rank in politics and in literature to be overshadowed, his work in education would be unforgettable. Rousseau says: "Nature wills that children should be children before they are men. If we seek to prevent this order we shall produce forward fruits without ripeness or flavor, and though not ripe, soon rotten; we shall have young savants and old children. Childhood has ways of seeing, thinking, feeling, peculiar to itself; nothing is more absurd than to wish to substitute ours in their place." Rousseau may not be a systematic philosopher, or even a systematic educationist, but in his educational romance of "Emile," he offered for the service of children what has been called a Magna Carta of the child's "rights."—*Foster Watson, in the London Inquirer.*

*Rousseau states that the Social Contract solved the problem: "Find a form of association which defends and protects by means of the common force the person and goosd of each member, and by which each, uniting for the weal of all, shall yet obey only himself, and remain as he was before."

The Certitudes of Religion

In Mr. Edward E. Keedy's new book, "Moral Leadership and the Ministry," he makes the assertion so says an approving review in the *Christian Register,* that "religion is great facts and realities, not made by man, but immediately known by man." He also asserts that the existence of God and his goodness, and the fact "that the nature and ground of things are in alliance with the religious life of man" are *certitudes* and need no further proof.

Now I believe as strongly as Mr. Keedy in the instinct of religion, that it is a pulse-beat from that mighty passion which throbs at the heart of the universe, a wave from that mysterious, infinite sea. I also believe, even in my sad, and lonely hours there is the struggling, conquering God, who cares for the individual, but I have no right to say that these beliefs are certitudes, are absoluetly proven. I must not mistake my desires, aspirations, and ideals for actual knowledge.

If the minister is an honest man must he not recognize that it is the suggestion of modern science and the belief of thousands of intelligent men, that, instead of a guiding intelligence in the world there seems to

be a ceaseless, all-controlling, even beautiful, but *purposeless, evolution?* They believe that instead of corresponding with our holiest passions and ideals, nature is antagonistic, and that the feeling of justice and kindness in the heart of man, is peculiarly his own. Or they believe, if the universe is not antagonistic to these moral ideals, it is simply indifferent, and has no care for the individual and would crush him as thoughtlessly as we would crush an obscene insect.

Now I think the minister if faithful to his high office should examine these beliefs, and admit there are no certitudes of religion, that the deeply-rooted and eternal religious instinct is not to teach us religious truth, but that religious truth, like all other truth must come through long, patient, and intelligent inquiry. The minister will say that the great beliefs, that God is, that he is good and cares for the individual, are not shown by making them as Mr. Keedy does the certitudes of religion, but by proving them discoveries of the intellect, born of science and philosophy, of a real experience. Indeed, never has a great religion taught a truth (I do not say dogma) that does not rest upon a scientific or intellectual basis. The notion, that the greatest truths or realities are only discoverable by the heart, seems to me to be irreligious as well as untrue.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE PREACHER.

PERE HYACINTHE

The seer departs; his thoughts abide,
  Tho' hushed for evermore—
Methinks his voice is like a tide
  Inaudible from the shore;
Or a murmur by the mountain side,
  When the tuneful day is o'er.

But yesterday, with accents bold,
  He eloquently spake
To wanderers from many a fold,
  For love and freedom's sake,
And his words descended like the gold
  Of sunset flake on flake.

Long years ago, in manhood's prime,
  His utterance deep-toned,
Recalled a bossuet sublime,
  More human, higher throned—
For he chid the tyrants of his time,
  And tolerance he owned.

He trod the radiant path to fame
  And eminence; high he clomb;
Ne'er breath more magical fanned the flame
  Of faith where echoing dome
And spell-bound auditorium claim
  The flower of liberal Rome.

But midward in his course there lay
  A barrier built of light.
The sun of conscience shed its ray
  Upon the pilgrim knight
Girt round like Arthur for the fray,
  With truth's excalibur bright.

Pass, noble orator, brought to pause
  By death's imperative call;
Those lips were glorious; grander was
  That heart which sacrificed all,
Yet kept its tenderness in a cause
  Where blows like thunder showers fall.

—*Norman Hill.*

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born, that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.—*Lowell.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

A remarkable book has come to us from the Macmillan Company. It is from Prof. Herter, whose untimely death is very much to be regretted. It is entitled BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF HUMAN PROBLEMS The volume is based on notes, begun durin a trip to Egypt, and continued until this book was written. Biology was a term and a science hardly heard of in our universities fifty years ago. Evolution baptized it into the family of sciences, and quietly placed it at the head. I wish it were possible to give an adequate review of this book. A thorough study of his chapters on The Sex and the Individual and Social Relation, followed by the discussion of the male and female mind will certainly be instructive to all readers. It is a bold, honest and very helpful discussion. Chapter 12th has for its topic Education and the Future of the Race, and here for once we have a sincerely honest view taken and a true analysis of our educational system. He insists that education should be occupied with teaching accurate observation and study, rather than as now by storing the memory. Some of us have worked on this basis for thirty or forty years back, and we have been compelled to face the prejudices of the bulk of the people, who are thoroguhly convinced that our system of education is the making of the Republic. Some of us believe that it is rapidly unmaking town citizenship. It is an incoherent jumble of efforts, and is entirely incomplete, except for that handful of boys and girls that can go on to college. The college succeeds in making useful citizens of a part of those entrusted to its care. Fortunately there is steadily growing up a new system of industrial education, that has for its chief end the making of useful men and women. Dr. Herter's discussion of schools is however very just and temperate. The book is packed full of suggestiveness, and will compel its reader to a considerable degree of independence viewing and thinking. It is also a thoroughly scholarly book.

From the same house I have The Mind of Primitive Man, a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute and the National University of Mexico, by Franz Boas. The research in this volume is very little of it original, but it is handled with individuality. I think the chief result of the book will be to stimulate a growth of national modesty. Nations are getting so close together, commercially, that they are obliged to look at each other with a good deal more frankness than they were taught to do fifty years ago. Prof. Boas, I think, really has this in mind, chapter by chapter. He undertakes to show that our inherited views of Anglo-Saxon supremacy are not supported by unbiased research. He closes his book by expressing the hope that he has shown that the data of anthropology are teaching greater tolerance of civilizations not our own; and that as all races have in the past contributed to progress, so they will be capable of working together in the future to the same end of human improvement.

E. P. POWELL.

This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.—*Hamlet.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER.

The annual Tower Hill Grove meeting held Sunday, August 11th, at the close of the four weeks' Summer School, was Woman's Day and was devoted to the allied interests of woman suffrage and universal peace. Both causes were splendidly represented by the speakers and enthusiastically endorsed by an audience which was surprisingly large in view of the heavy rains of the preceding days.

Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones welcomed the audience not only to the beautiful physical Tower Hill but "to the intangible Tower Hill which deals with things more lasting than pines, and gives visions more extended than the sweep of yon river even to the Boscobel Hills; the Tower Hill that wants to be at once free and devout; the Tower Hill that is devoted to the study of the past and would still fain keep its eyes open to the revelations and beauties of the future; a Tower Hill which stands for the open mind and the pulsing heart that has room for all of God's children. Here at least, the distinctions of society, of color, of caste and of sex, for the time fade away. We have dedicated this day to the consideration of one side of one of the great questions of the day, namely, woman's rightful place in the state. We are not unmindful that there is another side and if the advocates of that other side would like, the Emerson Pavilion is at their service, and Tower Hill will extend to them a welcome equally cordial."

The first address was made by Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, who has been identified with the educational system of the state for many years, and who is now the efficient superintendent of schools in the city of Kenosha.

Mrs. Bradford gave several reasons why women should have the right of suffrage which have grown largely out of her experience as a teacher. The first is related to the injustice of paying women less for doing the some work as men, and the speaker expressed a strong belief that the suffrage would improve and indeed has, changed and improved this condition in the states where it has been granted; the record being, that not only women's average earnings, but those of men, have been materially augmented in such states.

Her second "because" lies in her belief in education as the most powerful agency of progress, and in responsibility as the great stimulus to progress.

Under this head Mrs. Bradford said: "When a woman says 'I don't want the ballot because I don't know enough to vote,' she is giving the very reason why she ought to have it, because she does not know enough to *want* to vote."

Her third reason she stated to be, the right of society to have the help which will come to it through the exercise of this privilege and the very fact that women are different from men is one of the reasons they are needed by the men to-day. The soundness of this proposition again has been proven in the states where women are permitted to vote.

Mrs. Bradford would emphasize the well-worn phrase, "Women are needed in the home," but she would leave out the word "the" and give a world-meaning to the word Home, with a capital "H," remembering the unnumbered orphans who need "mothering" all over the world.

The second address of the morning was made by Mrs. May Wright Sewell, for many years president of the National Council of Women, and a personal coworker with Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe and other pioneers in the cause of women.

Mrs. Sewell has done much suffrage work in this and other states and she touched upon a few of the objections which have been brought to her attention.. In traveling through the state of Wisconsin in particular she has met an expressed fear of the foreigner, as a wielder of the ballot. And this surprised her in view of the traditions lying back of so many of these liberty-loving foreign brothers; because Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—all these as well as New Zealand and Australia have already shown more progress toward universal suffrage than we in this country.

"No," said Mrs. Sewell, "we need never be afraid of foreigners. Let us be more and more careful to hold what the tides of liberty have brought to us and thus to feed our liberty-loving spirits.

"Other arguments against woman suffrage are the same as were arrayed against the higher education of women in years past by very respectable men. Some of these have had the grace to recant, and all have seen the arguments fade away in the light of history and progress."

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In closing Mrs. Sewell referred to a commission of three men which was sent from the French Parliament to this country to make a study of the question of woman suffrage. They spent three months in our six enfranchised states, they went to New York and Massachusetts, the two leading states of the east, and to Illinois and Wisconsin, the two leading states of the middle west, and in the report sent back to the French government they said, "We find life happier and better in these states where the opportunities of men and women are equal. We find an atmosphere we do not find in New York and Boston, and we believe it is largely due to the equal participation of men and women in all affairs, public as well as private and social."

In the afternoon session the subject of universal peace was most convincingly presented by the two speakers, the Baroness Bertha von Suttner of Vienna, Austria, and the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In introducing the Baroness, Mr. Jones reminded the audience of the wonderful effect produced in this country in the years just preceding the Civil War by Harriet Beecher Stowe's great book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and added the statement that "no book treating of a vital public question has come to the public since that time with such universal force as the book entitled "Ground Arms," written by the lady who is about to address us. It has led to the awakening of the women of Europe to the horrors of their position with reference to war." He said that one sentence in that book with its universal appeal to men as well as women had done more to further the cause of universal peace than all the legislation of all the lands, and that sentence was: "We women are tired of rearing boys to be shot."

The address of the Baroness von Suttner consisted largely of a history of the peace movement of the civilized world and its culmination in the meetings of the Hague Conference and other assemblies where representatives of almost all the known world were gathered together for the purpose of encouraging amicable adjustment of international problems and arbitration thereon, rather than the hasty precipitation of the horrors of war. This gracious gentlewoman was recognixed from the earliest days of the movement as a powerful force, and she has been called into these councils repeatedly and for the past ten years or more has given her life to this cause which is so dear and holy to her. The writer will not attempt at this time to go into the details of this remarkable address. It is hoped that it may appear later, practically in full, in Unity.

At the usual Sunday evening vesper-meeting in the Emerson Pavilion, this good friend consented to occupy a comfortable rocking-chair in the midst of our little company gathered from the Hill and Hillside valley, and in a simple conversational style, gave to us many details of her life and its work which gave us a most charming insight into the real nature of this kindly woman, who came so far to speak her word and yet fitted into our Tower Hill atmosphere as if she were one to the manner born. A. L. K.

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